

## In the Apple Orchard.

Fedora, in her long, white apron and big sun hat, color box and palette in hand, sauntered out into the orchard and sat down under the shade of an apple tree. A light breeze stirred the boughs, on which the sunlight gleamed in great gold patches, and the countless song birds darted from limb to limb, making the air vocal with their sweet music.

One plump, redbreasted fellow perched himself directly in front of Fedora, and with head on one side regarded her intently.

The girl returned his gaze first with amusement, then with interest and finally with sudden inspiration she selected a crayon from her box, and dextrously painted the bright bits of color she had placed on her palette, and with a sweep here and there of her long brush transferred the nucleus of her small feathered observer to a sketch card. She held it up to the light and looked at it critically for a moment, then laid it on the long grass beside her and leaned back against the trunk of the tree, her hands crossed loosely behind her head, her eyes resting in dreamy contemplation on the gleaming fields beyond. Above her the faint rustling of the wind in the leaves drowned the silence. Presently a shadow cut across the gleaming sunlight. Fedora glanced up, and a faint color tinged her cheeks.

"If you are too busy," he began, looking down at her a little dubiously. "Oh, no," she broke in quickly, smiling up at him as she spoke. "I am never busy." Fedora prided herself upon that accomplishment. "Do sit down," she said, with a bright look, pointing to the grassy plot opposite her. The professor hesitated for a moment, then suddenly complied with the request.

"A nice day," he remarked carelessly, as he sat down.

"Charming," returned Fedora, surveying him with a smile. It had suddenly dawned upon her that the professor was a singularly good looking man to be so old—almost forty. And in spite of his two-score years she found herself looking with approval, almost admiration, into his deep, clear eyes, above which the thick masses of brown hair waved back from an intellectual forehead. (All professors have intellectual foreheads.)

"I don't like to interrupt you," he said, with a doubtful glance at the incident sketch and Fedora's small paint stained fingers, "but there is something I wanted to say," he went on, tugging at his watch chain.

"Really?" She gave a little cough and turned her eyes expectantly upon him.

"It's—It's important," faltered the professor, awkwardly, missing her eyes.

Fedora broke into a soft, little laugh, and two dimples came into her face. "What's the matter?" he said, looking at her in astonishment, a suspicion arising in his mind that she was being treated with unnecessary levity.

"You looked so—so serious," she replied, with such a charming little grimace and a look so profoundly innocent that the professor immediately dismissed his suspicion as unworthy.

"If you don't mind, though," he pursued, a little uneasily, his eyes on her face, "I would rather you would not—You would be a little serious."

"Yes, certainly," assented Fedora, with alacrity, pulling a straight face, but with a glimmer of a smile showing about her mouth. Then the professor cleared his throat and went on with a slight hesitation:

"I have a proposition." He stopped short and looked at her in a helpless sort of way.

"Ah, I see!" she exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "And you want the hypothesis?"

"Precisely so," returned the professor, his face brightening. He thought that his task would not be a difficult one with such an appreciative young woman.

"And now to the point," he continued, giving her a serious look.

"A point indicates mere position and has no magnitude," interposed Fedora flippantly.

"I suppose not," replied the professor with slight sternness. "But it is not a problem in geometry this time," he concluded, the glint of a smile hovering about his lips, his voice calm.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl with wide eyes, as she folded both hands in her lap and fixed upon him a look of grave attention.

He shifted his position a little, pulled at a tuft of grass, then looked across at her with sudden resolution, and spoke. "Suppose—that a man—"

The professor stopped short and cleared his throat again in a disconcerted sort of way.

Fedora met his gaze with a mischievous

The professor looked across at her, his eyes full of unexpected admiration, his hands knotted close together. After a while he leaned suddenly toward her, and with a quick movement seized both of her hands in his own. "Fedora, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The girl gave him a swift, startled glance, and the color flamed to her cheeks, while the tears and smiles struggled for the mastery.

"That—my hair is not gold," she exclaimed, with a puerile little laugh, looking shyly at him. "And my eyes are blue."

"And mine," he said, taking her in his arms, "are color blind!"—Chicago News.

### GEORGIA'S PA

Shows What He Can Do in the House

Chicago Times-Herald: We've made up our minds to move. A few weeks ago paw said to maw:

"I'm going to give our Landlord the hart fuell this Spring. They are several things about this house that Ot to be fixed. This is a good time to get what we need and several more things."

"Yes," maw says, "I wish he would fix up a little, but we got the house so cheap I'm afraid he won't."

"He wouldn't if he felt with you," paw answered. "But you watch me give him a bluff that'll throw his eyes brown off his foundations. Of course it wouldn't pay to move and I like it here, but you got to put up a bluff and a while to get all that's cumming to you in this world. Keep the other folks thinking you are about to drop into summing deep and he treats you decent. Now you leave this all to me, and see what happens."

So he went to the land lord two weeks ago and told him we mite stay if he would build a new front porch and put hard wood floors up stairs and build a bay window in the Dining room and paper down stairs and give us a new bath tub and a few more things I can't think of just now and cut down the rent a little.

The next day they put the sign up in our front window.

Last Sunday morning paw and maw tried to beat each other down stairs and get the Paper so they could see about houses to rent. Paw got there first, and commenced to read the List. After while he says:

"Here's the very thing. Listen to this, Hard wood Floors, Mantels, grates, Levee rooms, open plumbers, fine yard, newly decorated, spice closet, Butler's pantry, strictly modern."

"Goodness Sakes," maw says, "That's fine!"

"That's sumthing like a house," paw told her. "If it would be rent for it we couldn't hardly be sooted better. The price don't come in handy to put away the preserves and things, won't it?"

"Yes," maw answered, "that's what we haven't got here."

"We haven't got Ennything Here," paw says. "It's a outrage the way we've been treated. And with levee rooms I can have a Den, so to get by miff and not have my thots all upset. That's what I need. It'll be worth a lot for me to have a place to think grate thots."

"Paw," says Little Albert.

"What?" paw ask.

"Can we an George get in the Butler's pantry and Buttle sumthing when you ain't got Ennything Else with it?"

Paw didn't answer him, but said to maw:

"I s'pose if you would get a hold of the paper first you wouldn't of Ever noticed this place, or if you would you'd of Went on and Wasted your time readin' About all the rat of Them in the List. But that's one thing I like about me. When I come to the Thing I want I stop here there and Don't go Wasting Enny time over other Things. Is break fast ready yet?"

"I don't no," maw told him. "I'll go and see."

"Never mind," paw says. "I guess I better not wait. Sposen I go and look at it rite away, and get the Re-fu-els so sumbuddy Else won't rent it first and Then afterwards you can go and look around and we can sine the Lease."

"I don't believe we need to Hurry that way," maw sed.

"No, of Course you Don't," paw told her. "You never Believe we haft to hurry for Ennything. That's the trouble with Wimmen. They don't no wait. It means to be ahead of the Crowd. It's never too Early to Start after a Good thing. That's my motto in Life. Just think what a grate thing it'll be to have a big yard. I can get Outside exercise then by raisen potatoes and cumberbers and things, and we can all save the Price of a month's rent that way thru the summer. Wherr's my hat?"

After he got his overcoat on and was all ready to start maw ask:

"Where is this place and what's the price?"

Paw took the paper out of his pocket and looked.

"Why didn't you think of That before?" he ask. "I never saw Ranybul-



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dy that couldn't think of Things ill afterwards the way you can't. The blame foot don't tell where it is nor the price, but Wants you to address E. Box A Hundred and thirty. I wouldn't have his old place now if he would give it to me."

Then he took off his coat and Give the paper a sham at the Pupp, but it didn't Go strait, and knocked the Globe off our Best lamp. After we Got the peace picked up maw says:

"Well, that goes the profits from our potatoes and cumberbers, even if the Buggs let them alone. Don't you think you better give the land Lord an under bluff? Mebbey it wasn't a Good day for Bluffing when you went there before."

By that time we were Sitting at the table and paw Glared a while and got all swelled up around the face like if he was trying to hold in. Then he says:

"Darn it, Albert, why don't you go ahead and get the blazin'!"

### GEORGIE.

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Mrs. G. O. Bingham, 176 Summer street, Charleston, says: "In a week for a long time I was suffering with severe aching pains across the small part of my back just over the kidneys. At times they would be so bad I could not get up or down without assistance. I became very nervous and could not rest at night; what little sleep I could get did not refresh me and I would feel more tired in the morning when I would get up than when I went to bed."

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**Have Stage Ambitions.**  
Managers of theatrical companies receive all sorts of queer applications. The Dramatic Mirror prints some of them, with pertinent comments. Says the Mirror: Manager George Dupree, of "O'Hooligan's Wedding," sends this impressive communication, received by him from a young man.

"Sir—I saw your ad. where you want to hear from good people. I am a song and dance man and rag-time singer, with sketch, and don't care a back bone for any Buck-rag-time and I always make a hit and get hand. If you can use me, please write me at—Kan, (telephone number). I also do vocal work, using high tones."

Every one has met many freaks in his time, but few that have come out unreservedly and admitted that they were such. It might be expedient for some "unformed hand and orchestra" man-

### INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

April 8, 1900; Matthew vii., 1-14.

#### Precepts and Promises.

Macaulay says of Pitt that he could pour forth a long succession of stately periods without premeditation. In a voice of silvery clearness. Perhaps he reached the zenith of oratorical fame in his speech on the abolition of the slave trade. Fox, Gray, Windham, contemporaries and themselves adepts at the art of speaking, agreed that it was the most extraordinary display of eloquence ever heard. Where is that speech? A memory only. . . . We have an American analogue in Webster. There he stood before an entranced Congress, his very soul blazing in those deep caverns below his marble brow as he poured forth his "Reply to Hayne." His statement was argument, his inference was demonstration. Where is that speech? Just a memory, though only two generations have passed since its delivery. . . . Miss Martineau, in her "Life in the East," a mélange of happy description and unhappy theology, dismisses Jesus as an Esene. But the merest tyro ought to know that the trend of Jesus' teaching is fundamentally opposed to that of the Esenes. They were the most esoteric, unmissionary sect extant. How could he who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," be an Esene? On purification, the Sabbath, the resurrection, Jesus was in diametric opposition to that strictest and tiniest of sects. To affirm identity on finding a point or two of similarity is unphilosophical in the extreme. . . . Apart from, infinitely above, the rabbi on the one hand and the Esene on the other, Jesus stands the original and unceasing teacher of the race. He speaks with authority to the universal human heart, illustrating, inspiring, empowering it. He is not a channel through which truth flows perturbed, perchance and corrupted with human prejudices and error in its passage. So he could say not only, "I speak the truth," but, "I am Truth." He is the original source, not the transmitter. A fountain, not a conduit! . . . Again, he is not the inculcator of a system of doctrine, not the formulator of a ritual. He comes to inspire a life in the soul, to set up a kingdom within, which consists not in the externalities and comparative trivialities of sacrifices and oblation, but in that indispensable righteousness whose concomitants are peace and joy. So he could say also, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." . . . It has now been nearly two thousand years since an audience gathered on a hilltop to hear a certain Galilean. Who in that company imagined the imperishable character of the words to which they listened? The Sermon on the Mount was not destined to the oblivion of any library. It is like air and light. It is everywhere. It is the most powerful word ever spoken in the human ear. . . . There has been an effort lately to discount the originality of Jesus. Talmudic sayings have been put in parallel columns with the words of the Messiah. But how does it come, if the Master taught the same truth, as the rabbi, they were offended at him? He adopted, no doubt, the modes of speech current in his day; but he evidently used them for a different and nobler purpose.

**The Teacher's Lantern.**  
The Sermon on the Mount is not a string of isolated ethical maxims, as a superficial glance might lead one to think. It is a systematic unfolding of the principles of the kingdom of God. It is not a tabulated statement of things to be done and things to be avoided. It is an exemplary reference to the things done and refrained from, which exemplify the spirit of Christianity. . . . At the same time it is not theoretical, but intensely practical. It finds men where they are. It discovers their ambitions, their follies, their sins. . . . For example: The common habit of censorious judgment and the imputing of wrong motives to the actions of one's fellows. The doctrine and life of Christ calls a halt to that. Yet it would not have us cultivate a colorless indifference toward our fellows which would leave us vacant and opinionless concerning them. Exactly the contrary. But we are to judge in charity, and not to allege base motives unless we are forced to by fact. We are to refrain from unloving criticism, not merely that we may escape the penalty; viz., unloving criticism of ourselves in the same measure we mete, but that we may avoid creating an antagonizing and inharmonious condition of society. We are to give first attention to the correction of our own faults. What is the use of gazing at the splinter in another's eye, when we have a whole log in our own. . . . Yet we are to be so indulgent of others as to be oblivious to their moral and intellectual states. There are people who are dogs and swine. In the moral and mental evolution they are not beyond the tastes of these brutes, and it is idle to set before them to which they have not attained. . . . The adoption and spread of the principles and life of the kingdom of God is so difficult a matter, that heaven must be beseeched for aid. Therefore ask, seek, knock. . . . Again, the way into any success is narrow. The gate to wealth, knowledge, and power, as well as the gate to the Christian life, is strait. It is self-denial.

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